

IN JOAN OF ARC'S ROLE

Shipping Arms via Japan, but She Will Return Soon to Lead the Insurgents in Person—Rebels Holding Their Own.

Philadelphia is harboring unawares a man Spain would pay a princely ransom to capture—a patriotic native of the Philippine Islands, whose courage and bravery for the insurgent cause have resulted in the formation of a monster expedition of arms, ammunition and men, who are now en route to Japan, where the small filibustering crew will be made up and will within two months sail.

Marina Comenol Orbi Hozae Ribal is the widow of Dr. Hozae Ribal, who was butchered by General Polavieja December 6, 1896. Marina Comenol Orbi had been a student at the university. An attachment had sprung up, and the brave girl, on December 4, went into the thick of the battle to meet her lover, and they were married, with a band of patriots as the only witnesses. Marina returned to Manilla, and ten days later the young husband was

He offered him his life, liberty and passport for himself and wife if he would persuade the insurgents to yield. Rizal courageously and patriotically refused to buy his freedom at such a price. On December 6 he was led to a stone wall, compelled to kneel, and was shot to death by a file of Spaniards under command of General Polavieja.

Many cases of arms and ammunition have been shipped over the trunk lines to Canada, whence they will be forwarded to Japan. The Remington Arms Company is said to have sent thousands of

The work has all been done so shrewdly and cleverly that the presence of Mrs. Zal has been known only to two or three of her most trusted friends. One of the most important steps yet taken by the Philippine Islanders has been their resolution to join forces with Cuba for mutual interests. It is said that Mrs. Zal has been mainly instrumental in securing an agreement by which the

in fact in union. She had been in consultation with the most influential Cubans, and the result will likely be a bond which will mean much for the advancement of Spain has at first. Mrs. Rizal who is capable of doing much for the cause of liberty, in appearance she is very beautiful, tall, graceful and typically Oriental. Her dark eyes flash passionately as she speaks of the Spanish and their barbarous methods. She is 28 years old and comes from a family of prominence in Manila.

Mrs. Rizal will go to Japan, and it is

Advices received last week from a prominent merchant in Manila say the rebels will win and that they are courageously holding their own in every engagement. With rare strategy they have over fifty miles from Manila and, like the Cubans, are using the Spanish forest with guerrilla warfare. With renewed courage and abundant supplies under the inspired leadership of Mrs. Rizal, they expect ere long to enter their liberty and force Spain to grant practically the same reforms that Cuba

The expedition which Mrs. Rizal will lead from America is the first organized in the United States, but a permanent organization has been formed, which will act in accord with the Cuban Junta for supplying troops, war munitions and counsel to the forces in the field.

Smile.

Six or seven actors were sitting in an open case yesterday afternoon when a wandering Willie with a ragged coat shuffled up to their table.

"Pardon my appearance," said the man with the ragged coat. "I was not always what I am, but, to make it short, I am in a distressed circumstance just now. I am a poor, ragged gentleman, but—there his voice faltered, and he turned aside to wipe

"I haven't eaten anything in three days, and I am at the brink of the suicide's grave. I hesitated while crossing Broadway just now, contemplating the deed—thinking whether I would throw myself in front of a cable car, or into the arms of misery into eternity, or whether I would make one effort to get a few cents for a meal that would save my poor soul." (Here the man broke down and wept.)

"A good actor," remarked the bartender. "We're all actors in this world," sighed the man of the opulent Thespians, as he thrust

"I know you are all actors," continued the man with the ragged coat. "That gentleman there is the famous Bagley; this is the great Wagley. But, gentlemen, myself was once an actor."

"Tell us your story and we'll get up a subscription for you," said Wagley.

"My story is brief," remarked the stranger: "I was an acrobat. That which is laid across the bar there brought me to that I am. (Turns aside and weeps.) Excuse me, gentlemen, but drink did it. But I am not a beggar, and not a penny nor a

climbed the trapeze amid the roars of applause and hand-clapping of a mighty audience. I was ready for my flying leap. The applause had died away, and the audience waited breathlessly for my next move. I yawned, and being drunk, tumbled to the ground, a distance of sixty-five feet, a mangled mass of broken bones. The next chapter in my story—the hospital—and the last chapter, the street. I'm here, gentlemen, injured so that I cannot work, and I'm starving."

"Are you still able to do a handspring?"

The actors moved the tables aside and the man in the ragged coat drew himself up to his full height with his hands above his head. The crowd waited in silence. "I would not do this handspiring now," he said, "only I am starving and penniless." He did the handspiring. A silver collar and two quarters dropped from his coat pocket while his head was bowed. He quickly picked up the money and

row things at him.

GRACE DARLING'S BROTHER.

He Is Now a Pauper in Receipt of Parochial Relief—Also Sells Books.

The news will be received with some surprise, not to say disappointment, says *the Westminster Gazette*, that the only

arl- ing is now a pauper in receipt of parochial relief. George A. Darling, the head of the family, is an old man, and, though once fairly prosperous, has, through the failure of the poor fishermen of Seabrook, North Sunderland, where he lives, fallen into such poverty as to necessitate his receiving relief from the parish rates. The old man adds to his scanty living by selling "The True History of Grace Darling's Life" and "The Journal of Grace Darling's Father."

Hezekiah Hoyt Was Not Dead When His Friends Began to Grieve for Him.

The body of Hezekiah W. Hoyt has just been buried in the cemetery in Goshen, N. H. For eight years Hoyt was supposed to be dead. He was at one time a deputy sheriff of Orange county, and served in the hands' toughest battles of the

ates army. He left his home, and for eight years nothing was heard from him, his relatives mourning him as dead, until news was received of his death in the Garfield sanitarium, Chicago, Ill.

When Kitty Laughs.

When Kitty laughs, her boisterous glee
Brings instant, echoing mirth to me;
When Kitty frowns, my soul is shook
With terror—Kitty is my cook.